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THE TUBE BRIDGE.

THERE are men who are in raptures with the engineering skill which reared the Pyramids, built Baalbec, and adorned Petra, but turn with a smile of pity to the 'puny efforts,' as they call them, of modern times. If the eye of such persons rests upon this page, let them accompany us while we describe one of the most surprising and stupendous efforts of modern engineering enterprise—the Tube Bridge—and they will become acquainted with a work which Egypt and the ancients might have been proud of, but could never have executed. Conway and the Menai Straits have already become celebrated by the elegant and romantically-placed suspension bridges which have long been their great attraction to tourists. At the latter position, indeed, a work of almost unparalleled magnitude and formidable difficulty existed—a vast monument to the talent and perseverance of one of our greatest engineers—the Menai Bridge. And the Suspension Bridge at Conway, though less in point of size, yet presents us with a work of constructive skill certainly not inferior to its more vast competitor, and deriving a peculiar charm from its points of support being portions of the old and massive ruins of Conway Castle. Both these places are destined to receive a new attraction, and to become the scenes of a fresh and more memorable triumph of mind over matter, of human skill over natural obstacles. Although the preparations for the greatest of these undertakings—the Britannia Tubular Bridge—are far advanced, and large portions of it are already completed—there being no doubt that the whole structure will be at no distant period fixed, and in full work—yet as the Conway Tube is the only one which is perfected as yet, and upon which actual working has commenced, we shall confine our account to this alone. But it may be mentioned that both of these tubular bridges—although the one at Conway is inferior in proportions and in weight to the Britannia—are constructed on similar principles, and are in other respects alike, both in their object and form, and in the mechanical adjustment by means of which they are placed *in situ*.

The idea of a tube bridge is one of those original conceptions which are the birth, not of an individual's life, but of an era. It is one of those truly unique and rare productions—a new and valuable fact. No one appears to have dreamed of such a thing before. Ingenious people, who take an unkind pleasure in pulling down the high fame of others, have found, as they imagine, the originals of suspension bridges in the rude contrivances of American Indians to cross a gully; but no one can point to a tube bridge as the invention of any time or country but our own. If, therefore, it can be truly shown that not only has a novel system been discovered, but also that it possesses such advantages

in an engineering point of view as are possessed by none other previously discovered, Mr Stephenson the engineer may be fairly pointed to as one of those illustrious men in whom a happy union of originality of talent, with indomitable patience in working out its conceptions, has largely added to the resources of science, and, by necessary consequence, largely benefited the human race. All sorts of forebodings, and these, as indeed is only too commonly the case, from men of pre-eminent practical skill and scientific attainments, foretold certain failure to the daring enterprise which proposed to cast a huge tube over a strait, that men might travel in security through its interior. The proposition also to construct this great aerial tunnel of wrought iron was entirely novel, and it remained for time, experience, and experiment, to show its applicability to the purpose in question.

From what we have been able to gather, it appears that Mr Robert Stephenson at first conceived the idea that a tube bridge of the circular form would be the strongest; but being unable, in consequence of numerous professional avocations, to undertake personally to carry out the requisite experiments, he committed this important task to the able hands of Mr Fairbairn of Manchester, under his own immediate inspection. Much credit is due to this distinguished mechanist for the experiments which he instituted with a view to ascertaining the proper principles on which to compose such a structure, particularly with respect to the two grand conditions of strength and lightness.* Having so far satisfied himself on these points, he constructed a model tube on a large scale, containing nearly all the features of the proposed bridge. The form of a circular tube was found defective in many respects, and the idea of constructing the bridge of that form was soon abandoned. Tubes were also constructed of elliptical and rectangular forms, with various results. Eventually a square tube was decided upon; and the investigations were now continued, to evolve the principles upon which this form might be rendered of sufficient strength to resist vertical and lateral violence. At first, Mr Fairbairn conceived that the strongest form would be one in which the top and bottom of the tube consisted of a series of pipes arranged in a hollow compartment, covered above and below by iron plates rivetted together, and having a parallel direction to the long axis of the tube. By this means great rigidity would be communicated to the top, to resist the immense compression it would necessarily endure; and the bottom would be equally strong, to resist the tension which it would be subject to. And this form would probably have been

* Some claims have been made for Mr Fairbairn with regard to the invention of the Tube Bridge. We feel it to be our duty merely to intimate the fact.—Ed.

adopted, but for several serious practical difficulties which presented themselves to its construction, and to its repair, if accidentally damaged.

The model tube, the form of which was to be adopted in the large scale, was finally formed of a square shape, with longitudinal cellular compartments, also square, at the top and bottom. The scale was exactly one-sixth of the bridge across one of the spans of the Menai Straits; it was also one-sixth of the depth, one-sixth of the width, and, as nearly as possible, one-sixth of the thickness of the iron plates. Thus it was 80 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches deep, 2 feet 8 inches wide, and rested on two supports, the distance between which was 75 feet. The entire weight of this large model was between 4 and 5 tons. It was now subjected to the severe experiments which were to test its strength. The weight was attached to its centre, and increased ton by ton, the deflection being carefully noted, together with the entire weight of the load. After three experiments, in which various defects were discovered, the conclusion arrived at of the extreme point of resistance of the model tube placed it at about 56 tons; in other words, its breaking weight was 56.3 tons. This result proved highly satisfactory, and exhibits in a remarkable manner the extraordinary resistance offered by a tube of this construction to a load more than eleven times its own weight. Mr Fairbairn adds, that it is probably not overrating the resisting powers of this tube to state that hollow beams of wrought iron, constructed on the same principle, will be found, whether used for bridges or for buildings, about *three times stronger* than any other description of girders. The principles for the construction of the great bridge were thus satisfactorily determined, and the accuracy of the engineer's conjectures as to this method of bridge-building was fully established.

In the early part of 1847, the Conway Tube Bridge was commenced. Those who are familiar with the picturesque scenery of the river Conway will readily remember the romantic position of the Suspension Bridge. The site for the new bridge is very near it, the one end abutting against the foot of the venerable ruin, whose time-defying towers rear themselves above it; the other resting on an artificial structure, of a castellated aspect, on the opposite side of the river, from whence the railway shoots into the interior of the country. The site of the bridge was not, however, convenient for the purpose of constructing the tube; and advantage was consequently taken of a less precipitous part of the river's bank, about a hundred yards or so from the permanent position of the bridge. There, upon a piece of level ground projecting some distance into the river, workshops and a steam-engine were erected, and an immense platform constructed on piles driven into the ground, and partly into the bed of the river, and forming a temporary pier. At high water, the tide was nearly level with the bottom of the tube. Altogether, about twelve months were occupied in the construction of the tube. When completed, and resting on its massive platform, with the crowds of busy workmen, the clattering of hammers, the hum of the workshop, the fuming chimney, the vast pontoons, all contributed to make the scene one of the most interesting and anomalous that was ever witnessed; especially when the peculiarity of the situation is remembered—the calm river floating idly by, and the old castle, the work of hands long since crumbled to dust, and of instruments long since eaten to rust, looking, as it were, in astonishment on the whole; while a crowd of Welsh peasants incessantly gaped with amazement at the idea of putting a long iron chest over their ancient river.

The tube was at length complete; and now remained the Herculean undertaking of dragging it to its position,

and lifting it up to its proper elevation. This was the most anxious and arduous task of all. What if the cumbrous mechanism contained some hidden defects? What if, when being lifted, something were to give way, and the vast structure come down, and crush itself and everything before it into a heap of ruins? Not only fame, but life and property, hung upon the skill of one or two men. On Monday, March 6, 1848, the great experiment was made. The tube had been made to rest upon two temporary stone piers, by the removal of some of the piles supporting the platform on which it was built. Six immense pontoons, 100 feet long, and of proportionable breadth and height, were then hauled up to the platform, and floated, three at each end of the tube underneath it: they were properly lashed together, and secured. High tide served a little after eleven in the forenoon; all things were therefore got ready to take full advantage of this circumstance. As the tide rose higher and higher, the feverish anxiety of the spectators and parties concerned rose in geometric progression. The great pontoons rose too, until they touched the bottom of the tube, and began to bear up its tremendous weight. The favourable moment having arrived, the pumps were set to work, and the pontoons emptied of a large volume of water purposely introduced into them. As this water was discharged, they rose higher and higher, until at length, to the vast relief of a crowd of spectators, the immense mass floated clear off the platform on which it had rested for a whole year. It was still some distance from its resting-place; but the sides being properly shoved up, the whole structure—with the chief, the assistant, and the resident engineers standing together, with two or three other gentlemen, in a sort of triumphal position upon its summit—was set in motion by means of strong hawsers worked by capstans, and attached to different places. It was guided in its slow career by chains connected with buoys placed at intervals in its route. At length it was dragged to its proper position; and resting under the receding influence of the tide upon two stone beds prepared for its reception on each side, it now appeared as a great unwieldy box crossing the transparent waters of the river, and offering a barrier to navigation. All this momentous operation was the work of a few hours, and was conducted with the most complete success, its happy termination being the signal for three uproarious cheers. In the natural enthusiasm of the moment, we are told that one of the leading directors of the movements of the fabric smashed his speaking-trumpet, and flung it as a useless instrument into the wondering Conway!

Having accompanied the tube thus far on its progress, we may now pause before proceeding to relate the method of its elevation, and detail a few necessary particulars as to its construction. The tube is formed of wrought-iron plates from 4 to 8 feet long, and 2 feet wide. The thickness of those plates which enter into the formation of the sides is toward the extremities diminished to five-eighths of an inch. These plates are rivetted firmly together to T-angle iron ribs on both sides of the joints. The beautiful regularity of the rivets gives the tube somewhat the character of a regular ornament. We have been informed that this appearance is due to the ingenious manner in which the plates were punched. The number of holes necessary to be made in so enormous a surface must of course be very great, and it became therefore expedient to devise some means of punching them, which would at once insure regularity of position and expedition in execution. Most of our readers are probably familiar with the ingenious Jacquard machine. Messrs Roberts adopted the principle of this contrivance, and succeeded in perfecting a most powerful punching-engine, which performed its work with incomparable accuracy and despatch. By its means the enormous number of plates composing this structure have been perforated with a precision and speed themselves an engineering marvel. The ceiling of the tube is composed of eight cellular

tubes, each of which is about 20 inches in width, and 21 high; these cells are likewise formed of wrought-iron plates, which are three-quarters of an inch thick in the middle, and half an inch towards the ends of the tube. The joints of these plates are strengthened like the others. The floor of the tube contains six cellular tubes, about 27 inches in width, and 21 high, formed as above, with the addition of a covering plate of iron over every joint on the under-side of the tube. The sides are united to the ceiling and floor by double angle irons within and without. The entire length of this great tunnel of iron is 412 feet: it is 14 feet in extreme width; it is also a little higher in the middle than at each end, being 22 feet 3 inches high at the ends, and 25 feet in the middle; this, however, includes the diameter of the cells top and bottom. Each end of the tube, where it rests upon the masonry, is strengthened by cast-iron frames to the extent of about 8 feet of the floor. The entire weight of this stupendous piece of iron-work is about 1300 tons! The sensitiveness of such a mass of metal to alterations in atmospheric temperature must be very great, and unless especially provided against, would, slight as the cause may appear, soon produce the most destructive effects upon the solidity of the whole structure. Some who read this account may not be able to form a proper estimate of the power exerted by metal expanding or contracting under changes of temperature; but in illustration, it may be mentioned that hot-water pipes incautiously placed so as to abut against a wall at each end, have on more than one occasion almost pushed the wall down, so soon as the circulation of hot water was established in them. The expansions and contractions of so long and large a metallic mass must necessarily be very considerable, and they were provided for by a very ingenious and simple contrivance. The ends of the tube rest upon twenty-four pair of iron rollers, connected together by a wrought-iron frame. The tube is also partly suspended to six cast-iron beams, underneath the extremities of which are twelve gun-metal balls six inches in diameter. These contrivances act like castors to the ponderous machine, and facilitate its contractions or expansions as they severally may occur. We have a fancy that this great tube might be made to serve the purpose of a huge thermometer, by attaching some simple leverage and dial-plates to its extremities; and we are sure that important practical results might be attained by the adoption of our suggestion as to the expansibility of large masses of iron exposed to the vicissitudes of our climate—results, the grand scale of which would render them available for all similar undertakings in future.

The iron colossus is in its place; but by what gigantic upheaving power is it to be lifted 20 or 24 feet high into the air, and held there until its permanent bed is all ready to receive it? The mass to be lifted is upwards of 400 feet long, and weighs about 1300 tons! Can it be done? is the very natural question which presents itself to the mind. At each end of the tube is the iron answer—in a couple of steam-engines and two hydraulic rams. It appears that the task of elevating this vast fabric was intrusted by Mr Stephenson to the talented hydraulic engineers Messrs Easton and Amos. At each pier, resting upon massive bearing-girders of cast-iron, solidly imbedded in the masonry, was placed a large hydraulic ram. This machine consisted of a cylinder 3 feet in diameter to the outside, with a cylindrical cavity of about a foot and a half in diameter, so that the actual thickness of this powerful cylinder was nine inches of solid iron all round! In it was the 'ram,' a cylindrical mass of solid iron 18 inches or so in diameter, so that it did not fit the cylinder quite accurately, but left a vacuity for the passage of water to the bottom. Attached to the top of this ram is a transverse piece of metal called a 'cross-head,' 2 square feet thick, with two square apertures, through which the great chains which are to lift the mass are passed and secured. The chains consisted of flat bars of wrought-iron about 6 feet in length, 1½ inch thick, and 7 inches wide. Each

ram lifted two chains composed of nine links, containing eight bars in the upper links, but four only in the lower. The stroke of the ram was 6 feet—that is, it lifted the tube 6 feet in its full range. In the recess where the fellow-tube is to be placed, a steam-engine of peculiar construction was erected, to whose obedient toils the mighty work of raising the tube at each end was committed. These steam-engines were on the high-pressure principle, the cylinder being placed horizontally, and the piston-rod running completely through the cylinder at both ends, where it was connected with fly-wheels and the plungers of the force-pumps. The length of the stroke was 16 inches. At the summit of the cylinder of the hydraulic press was a small tube, the internal cavity of which was only three-eighths of an inch diameter. This tube was connected with the force-pumps. Regarded in itself, this little tube was the least imposing portion of the whole mechanism; and no one who looked at it by the side of the vastly-proportioned instrument it was attached to, would have believed that that tiny cylinder was the channel of a force equalling 700 or 800 tons! Could it be possible that this vast work was to be lifted by the direct instrumentality of two tubes with a bore the size of a quill barrel? Such are the wonderful results which the laws of hydraulic science have placed within our reach, bringing to our aid a power of such vast proportions as it never entered Eastern imagination to endow a geni or an afrit with.

All things being now ready, the lift-chains firmly secured to both ends of the tube, the steam up, and the workmen at their posts, the great operation commenced. The steam-engines acting simultaneously, and with equal velocity and power at each pier, the mighty structure began to rise. This was indeed an anxious moment, as the whole iron structure hung suspended by the hydraulic engines at each end. The engines worked with a will, as the saying is; and amid the buzz of voices, the rapid puff-puffs of the escape-pipe, the muffled sound of clacking valves, and the hurrying to and fro of swartly mechanics, the Tube Bridge rose majestically, but with great slowness, into the air. At every rise of 6 feet the engines were stopped, and the chains readjusted to the head of the ram, and the top links removed. By a succession of such rises, the tube finally reached the desired elevation of about 24 feet, and there dangled in the air, as though a mere plaything in the hands of the two hydraulic giants. It was then allowed to take its permanent position on the massive masonry prepared for it; the anxiety of its erection was at an end; and the Tube Bridge lay across the river, a monument of the combined skill of British engineers of the nineteenth century.

Its sustaining power still remained to be tested. Carriages, heavily laden to the amount of many hundred tons, were placed in its centre, and allowed to remain there for two or three days; but the deflection did not, we believe, exceed an inch and a half, and disappeared on the removal of the weight, thus demonstrating its resistance and its elasticity. Since then, it has been constantly worked; and the vast hollow, which a few months ago resounded with the deafening clatter of the riveters' hammers, now roars with the rush of carriages, and re-echoes in a voice like thunder the hoarse and impetuous expirations of the flying locomotive. The mathematicians still nurse their forebodings; but may God forbid that a work of so much skill and ingenuity, and the destruction of which would inevitably involve so fearful a loss of life, should become a mass of ruins! We do not share these fears; experiment has long since settled the question; and we believe that nothing but some anomalous and unforeseen class of circumstances could injure the security of the Tube Bridge. The Tube Bridge is pre-eminently a work of our own era: it is one of those vast and complicated efforts of skill which no previous period of the world's history could command. Whether we consider the mass of metal employed for these structures in the positions

above stated, or the cost of the undertaking, or the difficulties of its construction, elevation, and location, or the novelty of the principle, we are presented with a theme of admiration and astonishment which posterity will not exhaust.

THE DEATH OF MURAT.

THE sun was gilding with his last rays the calm surface of the Mediterranean on the evening of the 22d August 1815, as two persons emerged from a rocky path which leads down to a small bay about five miles from Toulon. One was apparently a provincial lawyer of some substance; but the rank of his companion was less easy to discover. Though clothed in far more homely attire than the other, his commanding figure, his noble and military carriage, belied the poverty of his habiliments, while a brilliant smile playing around his lips seemed to mock the evident trepidation of his friend. Looking round to see that they were unobserved, the lawyer clambered up a slight eminence, and discharged a pistol. In a few moments more a boat, hitherto concealed by a jutting rock, suddenly swept round, and entered the bay, which was, however, so shallow, that she grounded some ten or twelve yards from the dry shingle. The instant she did so, three young men jumped out of her, and wading through the water, hastened towards the persons we have described.

After brief salutations—supported by Donadien, Langlade, and Blancard, three of the most promising young officers in the French navy, and followed by his late host the lawyer to the little bark that was to convey him away—Murat, for the noble-looking traveller was no less a personage, left the shores of his native kingdom never to return.

Once on board, he gave a letter to the worthy lawyer to despatch to his wife, who had secured a retreat in Austria; then fixing his eyes on the receding land, he continued in a standing position to gaze on the loved shores of France till night shut out the view.

'Would to Heaven we had more wind!' grumbled Langlade; 'we might then pass the line of cruisers before daylight.' And he began in true sailor-like style to whistle for a breeze.

'We shall have enough of it, and more than enough, before midnight,' replied Donadien.

'You are right,' said Blancard, a more experienced sailor than either of the other two. 'And if my advice were taken, his majesty would allow us to put back, and remain in the bay till the tempest is over.'

For a time, however, the wind began obviously to fall off, and the boat scarcely moved through the waters. Murat, who felt no dread at the idea of a tempest, had scarcely moral courage enough to bear up against the horrors of a calm, and to hide his annoyance, affected to sleep. Believing his slumbers to be real, his companions entered into conversation on the impossibility of such a vessel outliving the storm which, to their experienced senses, was now obviously brewing.

'Haul down!' cried Donadien suddenly; and in the next instant the sail was lowered, together with the yard to which it was attached.

'What are you doing?' exclaimed the deposed monarch, starting up, and speaking in the voice of one accustomed to implicit obedience. 'Do you forget that I am a king, and that I command you to proceed?'

'Sire,' replied Donadien in a firm, yet respectful manner, 'there is a Sovereign more powerful than your majesty, whose voice will soon be heard in the coming blast. Permit us, then, if yet within our power, to save your life.'

At this moment a flash of lightning suddenly illumined the heavens, and a loud clap of thunder seemed to shake the very firmament. A slight foam quickly appeared on the surface of the ocean, and the little bark trembled like a thing of life. Murat at once saw the coming danger. He was now in his glory. He threw

off his hat, and shaking back his long black locks, smiled as he stood up, and seemed to court the approaching war of the elements.

The storm rapidly burst out in all its fury. The howling wind, the flashing lightning, the thunder that seemed to rend the clouds immediately above their heads, would have inspired terror in any breast less brave than that of the exiled king. Donadien for an instant put the helm up, and the boat, freed from restraint, like a wild animal shaking off its trammels, flew madly before the blast. In less than five minutes, however, the squall had passed away, and a lull succeeded.

'Is it over?' asked Murat, surprised at the short duration of the tempest.

'No, sire; this is but a skirmish with the advanced guard: the main body will come up to us presently.'

In the next instant the prediction of the well-practised sailor was fulfilled. Before her head could be put to wind, the boat shipped a sea which half filled her.

'Bale away, bale away: now is the time when your majesty can assist us.'

Blancard, Langlade, and Murat, instantly set about the task. A more miserable group than the four persons in the boat presented could not be imagined. During three hours, they continued, with little advantage, their arduous labour; and though the wind rather died away at daybreak, the sea continued rough and boisterous. Hunger also began to add its horrors to the scene. The provisions were entirely spoilt by salt water; the wine alone remained intact. This they eagerly swallowed out of the bottle after one another. Langlade had fortunately some chocolate cakes in his pocket; Murat divided these into equal shares, and insisted on his companions taking their portions. They now steered for Corsica, but with little hope of being able to reach it.

Alarmed lest a sudden squall should dismast them, they only ventured to set the jib during the day; and as night again set in, accompanied by torrents of rain, they found they had only got over about thirty miles. Murat, now fairly knocked up, threw himself on one of the benches and fell fast asleep, while the three intrepid sailors kept alternate watch during their slumbers, unwilling to confess even to each other their conviction that the frail boat must founder if no assistance arrived within four-and-twenty hours.

As day slowly broke, Donadien perceived a vessel within a few miles, and in his delight cried out with such energy, that the ex-king of Naples started up from his slumbers. The helm was instantly put down; every sail was set; and the boat quickly bore up for the stranger, who evidently was a small merchant brig *en route* from Corsica to Toulon. Langlade, in the meantime, affixing the king's cloak to the end of a boat-hook, kept waving it, in order to attract the notice of the people on board the brig. In this he succeeded; and in less than half an hour the two vessels lay within fifty yards of each other. The captain appeared on the deck. Murat hailed him, and offered him a considerable sum if he would receive himself and his three companions on board, and convey them to Corsica. The commander seemed to listen attentively to the proposal; then turning to one of his officers, he gave an order, which Donadien could not overhear; but probably guessing his intentions from his gestures, he desired Langlade and Blancard to keep the boat off. This they did; which, being perfectly incomprehensible to Murat, he petulantly exclaimed, 'What are you about? What are you doing? Don't you see they are coming up to us?'

'Yes, I see it plainly enough,' replied Donadien. 'Quick, quick, Langlade, Blancard! Yes, she's coming with a vengeance! That's it; steady now!' and he suddenly seized the tiller and put it down. The boat spun round in a new direction. A wave carried her off just as the brig, suddenly tacking, drove past her within a few yards of her stern.

'Traitor!' furiously called out the king, now perceiving the wicked intention of the captain; 'receive your reward;' and would have fired at him, but the powder having become wet during the night, the pistol refused to go off.

'The rascal has taken us for pirates, and would have run us down,' said Donadieu. 'Alas! what is to be done?' The water now began to gain upon them very fast; the last exertion had still more opened the planks of the unfortunate bark; and during the next ten hours, the crew were forced to keep baling out with their hats.

Towards evening another sail was descried. Every stitch of canvas was set, and the little boat made for her. It now became a matter of time. The water was pouring in each moment with increased power. Whether they could reach the vessel before the frail bark foundered, became now an object of great doubt. Donadieu recognised in the felucca they were approaching a post-office packet plying between Toulon and Bastia. Langlade, being acquainted with the commander, instantly hailed him; and though the distance was far beyond the ordinary reach of the human voice, yet impelled by fear of instant death, his hail was so shrill, as to be clearly heard on board the packet. The water was now rising fast; the king was already up to his knees; the boat began to roll about, unable to advance. She had become water-logged, when two or three strong cords were thrown from the vessel. One of these fortunately fell in the little craft; the king caught hold of it, and was dragged into the packet; Blancard and Langlade followed his example: Donadieu remained the last: as he snatched the rope thrown to him, and rose up, the wretched boat gave one lurch, and disappeared for ever! Five minutes later, and these four men must have foundered with her.

Murat had scarcely reached the deck, when a man, suddenly bursting from his companions, came and threw himself at his feet. It was a Mameluke that he had brought with him from Egypt. Presently the Senator Casabianca, Captain Oletta, a nephew of the Prince Baciocchi, Boerco, and others, crowded round him, addressing him by the style of 'your Majesty.' Murat thus found himself suddenly surrounded by a little court. His sorrows, his exile, seemed to have been engulfed with the little boat, and he now began to believe himself again Joachim I., king of Naples.

Uncertain, however, of his reception in Corsica, Murat assumed the title of Count Campo Mello, and under this name landed at Bastia on the 25th of August. The precaution, however, was useless. In less than three days every one was aware of his presence; and so great was the enthusiasm, that the ex-king left the town, fearful his appearance amongst them might cause public commotion.

Having removed to Viscovato with his three friends and the Mameluke, he immediately sought out one of his old officers, General Franceschetti, whose house became his residence. As soon as the king's arrival was generally known, numbers both of officers and men, who had already served under him, flocked to his standard, and in a few days Murat found himself at the head of nine hundred men. The three sailors, Langlade, Blancard, and Donadieu, now took leave of him, and returned to France, in spite of his intreaties to the contrary. They had clung to the unhappy exile—they refused to follow the steps of the exulting king.

On the 28th, the expected answers to his despatches arrived. They were brought over by a Calabrese named Luigi, who stated himself to have been sent by the Arab Othello, who from illness was unable to return. These letters, sent by the minister of police in Naples, strongly advised him to make a descent on Salerno, and urged his instant adoption of this measure. Deceived by their apparent truth and candour, Murat set sail with three vessels for that port, where Ferdinand had already posted three thousand Austrian troops, as he feared to trust the native troops in an attack on a sovereign once so popular.

Off the island of Capri a storm overtook them, which drove them as far as Paola, a little bay about thirty miles from Cosenza. Here they remained at anchor till the 6th of October, but on the 7th, Murat received clear intimation that no reliance was to be placed on his allies in the other vessels.

General Franceschetti took advantage of this momentary overshadowing of his bright visions to advise him to give up his perilous enterprise, and accept the asylum offered by the emperor of Austria, in whose dominions his wife had already found shelter. The ex-king listened with attention. At this moment the general perceived a sailor sleeping in a corner of the deck close to them; and fearful they had been overheard, they went up to him: it was Luigi. Crouched on a coil of rope, he seemed to slumber soundly. The interrupted conversation went on, and ended by Murat consenting to the proposition of the general. It was agreed that they should pass through the Straits of Messina, double Cape Spartivento, and enter the Adriatic. This settled, they separated for the night.

On the following morning (the 8th October) the king desired the commander, Barbara, to steer for Messina. Barbara replied that he was ready to obey his majesty, but that, being in want of provisions and water, it would be advisable to go and fetch them. The king acceded, but refused to give certain passports and safeguards which he had in his possession, and which Barbara demanded as an authority, and without which he positively refused to proceed. Murat commanded him. He continued obstinate; when the ex-king, impatient at his disobedience, and unaccustomed to be thwarted, threatened to strike him; but on a sudden altering his determination, he ordered his troops to get under arms, and desired the commander to lay to.

Murat jumped into the boat, accompanied by twenty-eight individuals, amongst whom was Luigi, and rowed towards the shore. Arrived there, General Franceschetti was about to spring out of the boat, when Murat stopped him, crying, 'I will be the first to tread the soil of my dominions;' and passing the general, he leaped on shore.

He was dressed in the full uniform of a general officer. He wore white pantaloons and top-boots; a belt, in which he had placed a pair of magnificent pistols; and a cocked hat, richly embroidered, the cockade being affixed to it by a knot of nine splendid brilliants. In his right hand he bore his own ensign. The clock of Pizzo struck ten as he disembarked.

Murat proceeded straight to the town, which was only about a hundred yards off. Here he found, it being Sunday, the whole population assembled in the market-place. No one recognised him. They stood in mute astonishment, gazing at the brilliant uniforms that approached them. The ex-king, however, espied an old sergeant whom he remembered as having served in his guard at Naples. He walked straight up to him, and placing his hand on his shoulder, demanded, 'Tavella, do you know me?' Receiving no reply, he added, 'I am Joachim Murat! I am your king! Be yours the honour of first shouting Long live Joachim!' The king's suite instantly took up the cry, and shouted it loudly forth. But the Calabrese, amongst whom there seemed a growing feeling of discontent, remained perfectly mute. The king seeing this foretold an approaching conflict, and turning again to Tavella, said, 'Well, then, if you wont cry long life to me, at least find me a horse, and I will instantly make you a captain.' Tavella immediately turned away. He entered his cottage, and did not appear again that day.

Every moment fresh crowds of peasants poured in; but not a single demonstration of sympathy could Murat elicit from them. A bold push now could alone save him. 'On, on to Monteleoni!' cried he; and placing himself at the head of his little band, he rushed towards the road which leads to that town. The people drew aside, to allow him to pass.

Scarcely, however, had he left the market-place, than

the mob began to recover from their stupor; and a young man named George Pellegrino suddenly appeared armed with a musket, and began shouting, 'To arms, to arms!' The crowd echoed the cry; and in another moment every one sought his dwelling, and armed himself as best he could. On the arrival of Captain Trenta Capelli of the gendarmerie of Cosenza, who happened to be in Pizzo, and whom Pellegrino had gone in search of, he found two hundred persons in the market square bearing different weapons, who, on his placing himself at their head, immediately gave chase to their ex-king.

Murat, seeing them coming, ordered a halt, and prepared to meet them at a spot where a bridge now exists bearing his name. Seeing Trenta Capelli advance towards him, he instantly cried, 'Will you exchange your captain's epaulettes for those of a general officer? If so, cry Long live Joachim! and follow me with your brave band to Monteleoni.'

'Sire,' quickly replied the other, 'we are the faithful subjects of King Ferdinand. We come to seize, not to accompany you. Surrender yourself, therefore, and prevent an unnecessary effusion of blood.'

At this moment a pistol was discharged by the opposite party, and seeing no hope of conciliation, General Franceschetti ordered his men to fire. In an instant the discharge was returned, and the combat began, not, however, with the slightest chance of success on the side of the exiled king, who could only offer about twenty-five men to oppose five hundred. Presently several fell on both sides, and the peasants, headed by Trenta Capelli, pressed on. To cut through this mass was impossible, while in the rear of the little body retreat was rendered utterly impracticable by a precipice of about thirty-five feet. Murat did not hesitate: he threw himself down this scellivity, and fortunately falling on the sand beneath, arose unhurt, and plunged into a little wood which skirted the shore. General Franceschetti and his aid-de-camp Campana were equally fortunate.

The instant the trio emerged from the cover of the trees, they were saluted by a volley from above, but happily without effect. On reaching the shore, they found that the boat which had brought them to land had again put to sea, and had rejoined the three vessels, which, far from coming to his aid, had set every sail, and were making off as rapidly as possible. The Maltese Barbara had repaid the monarch's threat by now betraying him. He carried off with him not only all the fortune of the exiled king, but in thus abandoning him, crushed his last hope.

A fisherman's bark was lying high and dry on the land: it became Murat's only chance of escape. If they could only get it afloat, they might yet be saved, for none dared to leap the precipice in pursuit, and the regular descent was some distance round. The three fugitives used their every exertion to push the boat into the water. The agony of despair gave them increased strength, and they had nearly succeeded, when a sudden shout caused them to look round. The populace, headed by Trenta Capelli and Pellegrino, were within fifty paces of them. Exhausted by their efforts, Campana and Franceschetti sank to the ground: a general discharge followed: a ball entered the heart of Campana. Franceschetti, however, escaped, and seeing the boat floating close to him, instantly sprang into it, and pushed off. Murat would have followed him, but one of his spurs catching in the fishing-net spread out on the beach, he fell, and before he could rise, the people had seized him. They tore off his epaulettes, and dragged from him the flag he held, and would doubtless have murdered him on the spot, had not Trenta Capelli and Pellegrino come to his rescue. These, supporting him between them, defended him from the attacks of the savage peasantry.

He now returned a prisoner over the same ground he so lately had hoped to tread as a king, and was thrust into the common jail amongst assassins, thieves,

and other malefactors, who, unaware of his rank, assailed him on his entrance with every sort of abuse.

Half an hour after this, the commandant, Mattei, entered, and struck with the still dignified air of the captive, rendered him the same homage he would have offered to him had he still been on the throne of Naples.

'Commandant,' said Murat, 'look around you: is this a fitting prison for a king?'

Extraordinary to relate, the moment he announced his rank, the daring captives, who had insulted him immediately before, instantly ceased their revilings, and retiring in orderly silence to the other end of the prison, seemed to pay a just tribute of pity and respect to the misfortunes of their former sovereign. The commandant, after making some excuse, requested Murat to follow him to a more fitting place of confinement. The ex-king, previous to doing this, threw a handful of gold which he found in his pocket to the people, exclaiming, 'Here, take this: never be it said that you have received the visit of a monarch, though captive and dethroned as he is, without obtaining *largesse* from him.'

'Long live Joachim!' shouted they.

Murat smiled bitterly. The same cries on the public Place, half an hour before, would have made him king of Naples.

The ex-monarch now followed Mattei to the little room allotted to him as his future prison, where he busied himself in giving minute orders respecting dress and other unimportant matters.

At nearly the same time General Nunziante arrived from Santo Tropea with 3000 men. Murat was delighted at again seeing an old brother officer; but he instantly perceived, from the cold manner of the other, that he was before a judge, and that the general's visit was not one of friendship, but to obtain information. Murat confined himself to saying that he was on his way from Corsica to Trieste, to accept the invitation of the emperor of Austria, when he was driven into Pizzo by stress of weather, and compelled to land to procure water and provisions. To all other questions he refused to give an answer, and closed the conversation by asking the general if he could lend him a suit of clothes to appear in on quitting the bath. The general took the hint, and left him. In ten minutes afterwards Murat received a complete uniform, in which he dressed himself, and ordering pen and paper, wrote an account of his capture and detention to the Austrian general in Naples, the British ambassador, and his wife. Tired by the task, he approached the window, threw it open, and looked out. It afforded him a view of the spot where he had been captured. Two men were busily engaged in digging a hole in the sand. Presently they entered a cottage hard by, and returned, bearing with them a dead body. The king in an instant (though the corpse was perfectly naked) recognised the handsome features of the young aid-de-camp Campana. The scene, viewed from a prison window by the fast-closing shades of evening, the thoughts of the captive as he saw one so young, who had died to serve him, thus ignobly buried, the ceremony unhallowed by the rites of religion, far from his home and all dear to him, so much overcame the beholder, that he burst into tears. In this state General Nunziante found him. His look expressed his astonishment, when Murat hastily exclaimed, 'Yes, I am in tears: I am not ashamed of them. They are shed for one young, ardent, and generous, whose mother committed him to my care, and who now lies yonder buried like a dog.' The general came to summon his prisoner to dinner. Murat followed to another room where the meal had been prepared. He, however, could touch nothing: the scene he had just witnessed had completely overcome the heart of him who had viewed thousands perish around him, without a sigh, on the plains of Aboukir, Eylau, and Moscow.

Leaving the meal untasted, Murat returned to his room. A sort of fascination seemed to draw him to

the window, which overlooked the burial-place of his young friend. Though for a while he had not moral courage to throw open the casement, yet at length, overcoming his repugnance, he did so. Two dogs were busily scraping up the sand from the grave where the body lay: they actually reached it. The ex-king could bear no more: he threw himself on his bed in his clothes; but about daybreak again rose, and undressed himself, and returned to his couch, fearful lest his enemies might attribute his agitation to fear for his own fate.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 13th of October Captain Stratti entered the king's prison. He found him in his bed asleep, and desirous not to awake him, was quitting the room, when he upset a chair. The noise disturbed Murat, who started up, and demanded the captain's business. Stratti was so overcome, however, that he was unable to reply. The ex-king therefore proceeded—'You have received orders from Naples: is it not so?'

'Yes, sire,' murmured Stratti.

'What do they contain?'

'Orders for your majesty's trial.'

'And who are to be my judges, if you please? Where can they find my equals to sit in judgment on me? If they look upon me as a king, I must be tried by my brother sovereigns; if as a marshal of France, my fate can only be decided on by officers of that rank; if even as a mere general, none less than a general can sit on the bench of my judges.'

'As a public enemy, sire, you may be tried by an ordinary court-martial. All rebels, without respect to rank, may be brought before such a tribunal. The law was framed by yourself.'

'Yes, against brigands; not, sir, against crowned heads. However, I am ready: they may assassinate me as soon as they like.'

'Would you not wish to hear the names of the members?'

'Yes, it is as well: it must be a curious list. Read on: I'm all attention.'

When he had done, the king, turning to him with a bitter smile, merely observed, 'It is well: they seem to have taken every precaution.'

'How so, sire?'

'Can't you perceive that every member named, with the exception of Francesco Froio, owes his rank to me? Naturally they will fear being accused of partiality if they decide in my favour.'

'Sire, why not appear personally before them, and plead your own cause?'

'Silence, sir—silence! Such a court, I still maintain, is incompetent: I should consider myself degraded if I pleaded before it. I am aware that I cannot save my life: at least, then, allow me to save the dignity of my crown.'

At this moment Francesco Froio entered. He interrogated him. His first question was touching his name, his age, his country? Murat suddenly starting up, cried with all the stern dignity he was capable of assuming, 'I am Joachim Napoleon, king of the Two Sicilies; and I command you instantly to leave the room.' The abashed inquisitor immediately retired.

Murat now rose, and putting on his pantaloons, sat down and wrote a most affectionate letter to his wife; left his children his dying blessing; and cutting off a lock of his hair, enclosed it in his letter.

Nunziante now entered. 'Swear to me, general, as a husband and a father,' cried Murat, as he folded up the epistle, 'that you will faithfully forward this letter.'

'By my honour!' said the general, deeply overcome.

'Come, general, bear up,' resumed Murat in a lively tone; 'we are soldiers, and used to death. I ask but one favour: allow me to give the word of command to the execution party.' The general instantly assented. Froio now returned, bearing with him the sentence of the court. 'Read it,' said Murat coldly, well divining what it was: 'I am ready to listen to it.' Froio con-

sented. The ex-king had correctly foreseen his fate. With the exception of a single voice, the court had unanimously adjudged him worthy of death.

When it was concluded, he turned to Nunziante—'General, believe me, I clearly distinguish between the author of my fate and the mere instruments. I could never have believed Ferdinand capable of allowing me to be shot like a dog. But enough of this. At what hour is my execution to take place?'

'Fix it yourself, sire,' replied the general.

Murat pulled out his watch; but, by accident, the back presented itself instead of the face. On it was painted a superb miniature of the ex-queen.

'Ah, look here!' said Murat, addressing Nunziante; 'look at this picture of my wife. You knew her: is it not like?' He kissed it, and replaced the watch in his fob.

'At what hour?' demanded Froio.

'Ah, by the by, I had forgotten,' said Murat, cheerfully smiling. 'I had forgotten why I had pulled out my watch; but the likeness of Caroline chased away all other ideas,' and he looked at it. 'It is now past three o'clock: will four suit you? I only ask fifty minutes. Have you any objection?'

Froio bowed, and left the room. Nunziante was following him—

'Stay, my friend; shall I not see you again?'

'My orders are, that I should be present at your execution, sire; but I feel I have not courage to obey them.'

'Well, then, do not distress your feelings: do not be present. Still, I should like to embrace you once more before I die.'

'I will meet you on the road.'

'Thank you. Now leave me to my meditations.'

After seeing the priests, to whom he gave a written certificate that he died in the Christian faith, Murat threw himself on his bed, and for about a quarter of an hour remained meditating, doubtlessly reviewing his past life from the moment when he quitted the alehouse in which he was born, to the period when he entered a palace as its sovereign. Suddenly starting up, he seemed to shake off his gloomy thoughts, and approaching a mirror, began to arrange his hair. Wedded to death from his infancy, he seemed anxious to deck himself in the most becoming manner now that he was about to meet it.

Four o'clock struck. Murat himself opened the door. General Nunziante was waiting outside.

'Thank you,' said the ex-king; 'you have kept your word. God bless you; good-by. You need follow me no further.'

The general threw himself sobbing into his arms.

'Come, come, do not thus give way to your feelings. Take example from me: I am perfectly calm.'

This coolness on the part of the victim so overcame Nunziante, that, starting from his embrace, the general rushed from the house, flying along the shore like a madman.

The king now proceeded to the courtyard, where every preparation for his execution had been made. Nine men and a corporal were ranged close to the door of the council chamber. In front of them was a wall twelve feet high. Three yards from this wall there was a single raised step. Murat instantly perceived its purpose, and placed himself on it, thus towering about one foot above the soldiers who were to shoot him. Once there, he took out his handkerchief, kissed the picture of his wife, and fixing his eyes steadily on the party, desired them to load. When he gave the order to fire, five only of the nine obeyed. Murat remained untouched. The soldiers had purposely fired over his head.

It was at this moment that the lion courage of the hero showed itself—that intrepid coolness for which he had ever been famed. Not a single feature was disturbed. He stood perfectly steady and unmoved, as with a smile of melancholy gratitude he addressed them.

'Thanks, my friends—a thousand thanks; but as, sooner or later, you will be compelled to aim directly at me, do not prolong my agony. All I ask of you is, to fire straight at my heart, and avoid, if possible, wounding me in the face. Come, let us begin again;' and once more he went through every word of command. At the word 'fire,' he fell pierced by eight balls, without a struggle, without a sigh, without letting the watch fall that he held in his left hand.

The soldiers took up the corpse, and laid it on the same bed in which he had lain down in health and strength some ten minutes before. A captain's guard was placed on the door.

That night a stranger presented himself, and demanded admittance to the room. The sentinel refused. He desired to speak with the commandant. To him he showed an order for his free entry. The commandant, as he read it, shuddered with disgust, and expressed great surprise. The perusal, however, over, he conducted the man to the door of the death-chamber.

'Allow Signor Luigi to pass,' said he to the sentinel. The soldier presented arms to the commandant. Luigi entered.

Ten minutes afterwards, Luigi came out, carrying some object in a pocket-handkerchief stained with blood. What it was the sentinel could not distinguish.

An hour afterwards, the undertaker entered, bearing the coffin intended for the king's remains. No sooner had the man, however, crossed the threshold, than in an accent of indescribable horror he called out to the soldier, who rushed in to learn the cause of his terror. The man, unable to speak, pointed to a headless corpse.

On the death of Ferdinand, in a private closet in his bedroom this head was discovered, preserved in spirits of wine. The reason was thus explained by General T—:—

'As Murat was put to death in an obscure corner of Calabria, Ferdinand continually feared some impostor would spring up, and assuming his name and appearance, raise the standard of rebellion. The real head was therefore always preserved to confront and confound any false pretender to the throne, by proving the death of Joachim Murat.'

Eight days after the execution at Pizzo, each man concerned in it received his reward. Trenta Capelli was made colonel, General Nunziante was created a marquis, and Luigi died of poison!

BLOCKADE OF AFRICA.

If any one will take the trouble of turning up the map of Africa, and cast his eye along the outline from the Pillars of Hercules in the Mediterranean to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb in the Red Sea, he will trace one of the most vast and varied seaboard in the world, broken by rivers and headlands, and indented with innumerable bays and creeks. At some fourteen or fifteen degrees distance to the north of this great continent, he will observe a couple of little islands, looking like fragments of one of the African promontories broken off and thrown into the sea. These are the British islands, whose ships, sailing to and from all parts of the earth, cover the neighbouring channel.

Now if, for any purpose, these little islands wanted to blockade the African continent, the attempt would be considered ridiculous with such slender means as they possess—powerful as their fleets comparatively are, and enjoying, as the islands do, both in reputation and reality, the distinction of being the first naval state in the world. But what should we say if this attempt were really made, and continued gravely year after year, at a great expense to the country—not with the naval force of Great Britain, but with an inconsiderable fraction of it? What should we say if this plan were persevered in, after its inefficiency (which no sane person should have doubted from the outset) had been practically demonstrated over and over again?

This is the precise position of England and Africa:

but the question, unfortunately, is mystified by considerations of national generosity and humanity; and the very attempt, unavailing as it is, to prevent the exportation of slaves from the benighted continent, is regarded as meritorious. If this were all, it would be merely a matter for financial consideration. If the nation could afford the amusement of playing at the blockade of a continent with a few ships, and chose to enjoy it, well and good. But unluckily, the interference of Great Britain, in the way she chooses to conduct it, is not merely useless: it aggravates the horrors it is intended to prevent. The obstacles she interposes, being found in practice surmountable, merely enhance the price of slaves in the foreign markets, and the penalty she annexes to the traffic in human life dyes the ocean with human blood. On a recent occasion, as we find by a journal before us, the crew of a slaver, hard pushed, made their escape, leaving their captives, to the number of 420, fastened down under hatches with spike nails, to be drowned or smothered in the deserted vessel as chance might decree. 'Never,' says the relator, 'was there a more dreadful attempt at cool, deliberate, and wholesale murder: and yet there is no means of punishing the perpetrators; no judge nor magistrate residing at Mozambique, and the judge at Quillimane being a coloured man, formerly a gentleman's servant, and one of the greatest slave-dealers in the place.'

This author's experience lies in the channel between Madagascar and the African main; and the picture he gives of the traffic there is as hopeless as it is revolting. The governor of the Portuguese settlement of Quillimane is sent out to make his fortune in any way he thinks proper, his sovereign giving him the nominal salary of a thousand dollars. In general, he connives, as a matter of course, at the only flourishing trade of the settlement; but between whiles makes no scruple of betraying his friends to the British. Even this little inconsistency, however, does not appear to affect much the estimation in which he is held; for the interference of our preventive force has turned the traffic in slaves into a grand game of chance and skill, in which the players only blame their own imprudence or misfortune. The slave-dealers and the preventive officers are on very good terms as individuals. Each looks to his business, and both look to the governor, who looks to his own interest. Thus the affair goes on. Sometimes vessels are seized; sometimes they get clear off: it matters not which to the trade, for there are always plenty of ships at hand, and plenty of slaves waiting in chains for an opportunity of shipment.

The only ray of hope we can discover in the volume is contained in the following paragraph:—'A company has been formed at Lisbon to carry on the trade on the east coast of Africa, and they have already a capital of one million; but as yet, they have not been able to acquire the requisite privileges from their government. They want to have the power of buying sixty vessels, and not to be restricted to Portuguese bottoms, and to be able to nominate and pay their own governors. This indeed would be a blow to the slave-trade, as it would open new sources of commerce, and produce new interests; and the poor wretches who are now driven from the interior like herds of cattle, would be employed carrying gum-copal, ivory, gold dust, and various other articles with which Africa abounds. During the floods occasioned by the rainy season, coals might be got from Tete in any quantity; and the mighty power of steam be employed in sowing the seeds of civilisation, which can never be done whilst the merchants, agents, and their governors find it, or think it, their interest to keep the blacks in such a degraded and ignorant state, that they look upon slavery as a blessing, and voluntarily sell themselves and families for three pieces of cloth.' The French, besides, have entered into an

* A Three Years' Cruise in the Mozambique Channel, for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade. By Lieutenant Barnard, R.N. London: Bentley. 1848.

arrangement with the inauum of Muscat, by which they are authorised to hire his subjects for a term of years as labourers in Bourbon; so that the degraded negroes may eventually return to their own country with money and a trade. The capabilities of the natives may be seen from the following account of their industry:—'Some of the men are very intelligent, and work in gold, silver, and iron, with tools and apparatus of the most primitive description. The bellows are made of deer-skins, with two pieces of bamboo at the mouth, which is opened and closed with the finger and thumb as it is moved up or pressed down, one being in each hand, and the nozles being introduced into a piece of brickwork on the ground, communicating by two holes with a charcoal fire. The blacksmith sits on his haunches, and for an anvil generally has a pig of ballast. With these rough implements they make even pintles and gudgeons for large vessels, hinges for doors, slave shackles, and chains. The workers in gold use a blow-pipe, and draw the wire through a bit of lead bored with holes, gradually diminishing in size; and I have seen some very handsome ornaments made by them.' These clever and industrious people are all in the condition of slavery; and their wives and daughters may be seen on occasions strung together with heavy chains, supported by an iron ring round the throat, and digging the ground with hoes. But bad as slavery is, freedom, it seems, in this unhappy country is still worse. 'About Quillimane and Luabo, and indeed in all the Portuguese possessions on the coast, are numbers of Colonos, or free blacks, who hire themselves out as woodcutters, machila-bearers, or labourers; and such is the degraded state of society, that these men are taunted by the slaves as having no white man to look after them, and see them righted when oppressed. They are kept in subjection by a very severe and separate code of laws; and if they break or injure anything which they cannot pay for, they become slaves. After the death of Moraes, Azvedo's father-in-law, who was a very severe master, no less than eighty slaves, who had deserted, and escaped into the interior, returned to the estate, and resumed their work, preferring slavery to the iron rule of the chiefs of their own colour: others come frequently to sell themselves, and to buy them is the greatest boon a good master can bestow; and their price is from three to five pieces of clout or dungaree.'

The volume is varied with an account of a visit to a Portuguese gentleman named Morgado, whose estate, situated a little way in the interior, is as large as all Portugal! His great complaint was, that the natives came up the river into his property, and carried off his blacks—an aggression which it was but little in his power to prevent, inasmuch as it would take thirty days to visit all the stations on his estate, travelling at the rate of nine miles a-day. His dependants amounted to 30,000; and the estate produced yearly 280 arrobas of ivory; together with such quantities of iron, copper, and the precious metals, as he had the means to collect. Coal likewise is abundant and good, and would be available for steam navigation during the floods, when the principal river is navigable for a distance of 260 leagues. What might not be done with a country like this! The residence of Senior Morgado is thus described. 'About four P.M. we came in sight of the establishment, situated in the midst of a great number of immense ant-hills, from twenty to thirty feet high, and fifty to sixty in circumference at the bottom, with trees growing out of the sides and top. The scene was a most novel one; and when about a quarter of a mile off, we all got into our machilas, and were met by two drums and a fife, the performers on which marched before us with the greatest gravity, playing a row-de-down up to the gates of a large white building, where the Portuguese flag was flying. We now entered a vast square, in the midst of which was a large neat pigeon-house, and we were all struck with the good order and regularity of the whole place. On the left was a nice-looking dwelling-house; on the right a large

storehouse, the walls of which were loopholed, and about two feet thick. Opposite the gate was a comfortable building for the working slaves; and here and there, in good order, were several pieces of cannon, which had formerly belonged to the American corvette *Concorde*. Morgado told us that he intended to wall and loophole the place all round, as a protection against independent tribes of blacks and wild beasts. At sunset the drums beat, the people are mustered, and the colours hauled down, and the gates are closed. The married blacks live in huts outside, which are barricaded all round with stakes and branches, to protect them from lions, which are very numerous, and constantly prowling about, walking off now and then with a stray woman or child.'

After a sumptuous dinner, the guests would have gone out to take a walk, but were warned to keep within the candle-light, lest some prowling lion might make a dinner of them. The only occupation described here by our author—who appears to have seen surprisingly little for a man with two eyes in his head—is that of brickmaking: an essential business in a country where there is not a single stone, even of the smallest size, to be found.

Such works as this cannot fail, we think, to suggest the idea, that if England would spend, in developing the commercial resources of Africa, the money she throws away in a vain attempt to put down the slave-trade, her liberality would be much more conducive to the interests of humanity and civilisation. But unluckily this would have no *present* show: there would be nothing in it to arouse the attention and flatter the self-esteem of the people. Yet nature is slow and gradual in her processes; and history exhibits no instances of great changes being effected without a long course of indirect preparation. Would it not be wise to attempt to govern even our generous impulses by such analogies, and instead of wasting our resources in battling against the abuses of a bad system, to wage a slower and less brilliant, but surer war against the system itself?

NOTES TOWARDS A HISTORY OF THE BANK OF SCOTLAND.

HAVING presented an *abrégé* of Mr Francis's history of the Bank of England, it has occurred to us that a few notes regarding the history of the Bank of Scotland might very properly follow. In banking, Scotland enjoys some reputation, because it is a business which she has conducted with remarkable prudence and success. It may therefore gratify more than a local curiosity to learn the particulars of the early career of the first national establishment of this kind. We can pretend to few extraordinary means of gratifying such a curiosity; but we chance to possess a rare pamphlet, in which the affairs of the Bank of Scotland for the first thirty years are traced, and from this we may cull some passages likely to be read with interest.

The pamphlet (our copy wants the title) appears to have been published in 1727, with the immediate view of supporting the establishment against a rival then set up under the appellation of the Royal Bank of Scotland. It is probably partial in its views, and upon this we have no check; but perhaps the fact is not of much importance. According to our anonymous author, the Bank 'has obtained a very universal and good reputation among all ranks, though the nation in general knows little about it, except the bare name, and that the Company lends money, and has public notes running, which are paid on demand.' This is a modest enough statement, which we can to some extent avouch, for we lately had in our possession an original letter written by James Drummond of Blair Drummond, May 26, 1720, to Mr David Drummond, treasurer of the Bank, in which the following passage occurs:—'I'm heartily glad the Bank holds out so well. Ther's great pains taken in the country to raise evil reports upon it. I had occasion to find so in a pretty numerous company

the other day; yet *I did not find any willing to part with your notes at the least discount.*' As to the comparatively little notoriety of the establishment, we can fully believe the remark. It seems to have been long before the full uses of a bank were recognised in Scotland. As an illustration: in November 1707, John Strachan of Craigerook was robbed of one thousand pounds sterling in coin, which he kept in a chest in his study, within his lodging in Edinburgh. This seems to show that for some years after the Bank was established, gentlemen continued to keep large sums of money in their own houses, instead of banking it.

The Bank of Scotland is usually said to have been established by William Paterson, the Scotchman who projected the Bank of England. But whatever may have been Paterson's secret concern in the matter, our author takes no notice of it, but distinctly says that 'the Bank was first projected at London by an English gentleman, John Holland, with whom,' he adds, 'eleven other Scots gentlemen, some residing at Edinburgh, and some at London, did join.' They procured in July 1695 an act of the Scotch parliament organising the Bank. The stock, now £1,000,000 sterling (generally bearing a premium of about sixty-three per cent.), was originally £1,000,000; which, however, was described with the grandeur of the Scotch denomination as £1,200,000. The £800,000 Scots set aside for parties residing in Scotland was subscribed for in the course of the months of November and December, 'the Marquis of Tweeddale, his Majesty's High Commissioner to that parliament, and Lord Chancellor at the time, and his son my Lord Yester, being the first subscribers.' The remaining third of the stock was subscribed in London in one day, a great part being taken by Scotchmen residing there. The first arrangement of officials gave the half of the direction and the appointment of governor to the English adventurers; but in a few years, when the number of English shareholders sank below thirteen, this was necessarily changed; and from that time the Bank was wholly in the management of natives.

The history of Scotland having been up to this time a tissue of warlike incident and religious contention, it is interesting now to trace the first dawnings of the commercial spirit, and to observe the smallness of the transactions which our people could then compass. Only one-tenth of the stock being paid in, it is actually a fact that the first bank in Scotland commenced business with no more than £100,000! After twenty-six years, we find that only another tenth of the stock had been paid, making the active capital but £20,000. The Bank set up in no imposing edifice, such as those which now adorn the streets of modern Edinburgh and Glasgow, but in a *flat*, or floor of a house, in the Parliament Square, from which, unluckily, they were burnt out in 1700, but without any loss besides the furniture. The directors met some trouble soon after starting from an attempt at rivalry by the African Company, during which it was found necessary to call up the second £10,000 from the shareholders; but this was soon overpast, and the *extra capital returned as superfluous*. The Bank issued £100, £50, £20, £10, and £5 notes, which got into such good circulation, that the directors were encouraged to lend money freely on various kinds of security, heritable and movable. They also commenced an exchange trade. To support this, and favour the circulation of their notes, they opened branches at Glasgow, Aberdeen, Montrose, and Dundee; but this turned out ill, 'the expense far exceeding the advantage and convenience arising therefrom: for though the Company would willingly have been at some moderate charge to keep them up, if they could thereby have effectuated an answerable circulation of bank-notes about these places for accommodating the lieges in their affairs, yet they found that those offices did contribute to neither of those ends; for the money that was once lodged at any of those places, by the cashiers issuing bills payable at Edinburgh, could not be redrawn thence by bills from

Edinburgh: so the directors were obliged to give up those offices (after having been at considerable charges in the experiment), and to *bring their money to Edinburgh by horse-carriage.*' We find it stated by Dr Cleland that this attempt was made in Glasgow in 1696, and abandoned in the ensuing year. He says it was renewed in 1731, but again given up in 1733, for the same reason of want of business. It was not till 1749 that banking fairly took root in the commercial emporium of the west.*

One-pound notes, an article which has since been remarkably *naturalised* in Scotland, were first issued by the Bank of Scotland in January 1699. The anonymous historian of the Bank says, they 'are found to be very convenient, not only in the country, but also in the city of Edinburgh, though there is scarce any hopes that they can obtain a currency, to any considerable value, in our public markets and fairs, as some have thought, for nothing answers there among the common people but silver money, even gold being little known among them.' This passage will amuse those who reflect on the now inveterate attachment of Scotland to one-pound notes; a cause in which Sir Walter Scott had almost made her draw the claymore in 1826, and which would even now be a stumblingblock in any general measure for making our currency more metallic. The allusion to the prevalence of silver money in the seventeenth century shows the sense of the general term for money still used in Scotland—*silver*.

In 1704, there was a scarcity of cash all over the kingdom, and a rumour arose that the privy-council designed by proclamation 'to raise the value of the several current species.' This caused a run of twenty days' continuance on the Bank, which at length, being exhausted of cash, was obliged to stop payment. At the request of the directors, the privy-council inquired into the state of its affairs, which being found satisfactory, a memorial was published, by which public confidence was restored. The Bank made all easy by announcing its design to allow interest on its notes until they should be called in for payment. It was at this crisis that the second £10,000 was permanently raised from the shareholders. In the midst of the trouble, a teller named Pringle was detected as having embezzled £425, 10s.; no small loss, considering the diminutive capital of the Company, and that its affairs were then in the hands of creditors.†

When it became necessary at the Union to draw in the Scottish coin, and replace it with British, the Bank of Scotland undertook the business, and accomplished it without fee or reward. The directors expected some favour in consequence from the government; but owing to the confusions following on the death of Queen Anne, no actual recognition of their service had been rendered by the government up to the time when our author wrote. It is curious, in our cool and regular times, to look back on the somewhat romantic troubles to which banking was exposed in the days of a disputed succession. 'The Pretender' appeared with a fleet off the mouth of the Firth of Forth in March 1708, when the Bank of Scotland had a large sum lying in ingots in the Mint at Edinburgh, besides a considerable sum in its own office, being coin brought in to be recoined; 'all of which could not well have been carried off or concealed.' But fortunately the dreaded expedition did not land. A similar danger arose at the breaking out of the rebellion of 1715. A run then taking place, and the directors having paid out all the specie of their own which they had in hand, it was found necessary, on the 19th September, to stop payment, and order the notes to bear interest from that date. About £30,000 of public money, which they had in charge, was at the same time deposited for safety in the castle of Edinburgh. At the conclusion of the insurrection next spring, these notes were called in, and business recom-

* New Statistical Account of Scotland, vi. 229.

† MacLaurin's Criminal Cases, p. 30.

menaced with its usual regularity. It would appear that these temporary suspensions were justly estimated by the public, and that the credit of the Bank was in no degree seriously injured by them.

In fact the Bank of Scotland was now in something like the repute of a well-dowered lass—apt to be a little troubled by the impetuosity of her wooers. A company of adventurers had advanced £250,000 in the way of a stock, to be employed for the benefit of Scotland, as an *equivalent* for the share she took at the Union in the taxes occasioned by the national debt of England. These gentlemen, not content with the four per cent. which they were allowed on their debentures, wished to draw banking profits from their stock; and for this purpose they proposed a union with the Bank of Scotland, on a footing which would have been something like the result of the intrusion of a cuckoo into a sparrow's nest. The Bank, like a modest, judicious young lady, gave a civil refusal to the over-ardent addresses of the 'equivalent'; at which the suitor became very sulky. No sooner was this negotiation at an end, than a similar one came upon the tapis. A mutual-assurance society against losses by fire had been formed in Edinburgh under the name of the Friendly Society, and as it met with good encouragement, it was immediately rivalled by a company professing the same objects, but contemplating a profit to themselves from the business. This latter body, styling themselves the Edinburgh Society, did not meet with success, and they therefore turned their thoughts to banking. They soon let it be understood that they must either be received into the Bank of Scotland, or they would do what was in their power to ruin it. Being disregarded, they collected notes of the Bank to the amount of £8400, and taking an opportunity when the South Sea Scheme had drawn much specie away from Scotland, brought those all at once forward for payment. One cannot but smile at the expectations founded on a sum which must now represent so trifling a part of the daily business of the establishment. The plan failed, and there was no run in consequence. The disappointed Society was so mean, after all, as to offer a union of stocks, which was civilly declined. A few months afterwards it perished ignominiously, amidst the many other bubbles of the South Sea period.

Soon after, a similar proposal came from the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, and was dealt with in like manner. The clamours of these various courtships are, however, proof that many men felt themselves and their capital to be unjustly excluded from a share of the banking business of Scotland. It was not to be expected that the whole of that business could be long conducted upon twenty or thirty thousand pounds, with the possessors of other thousands standing round, all anxious to be at work in the same field. Accordingly, in 1727, a determined effort was made by the shareholders of the 'equivalent' to obtain the necessary sanction of the government for setting up a rival bank. Our pamphleteer gives full details of the struggle thereanent, and a fierce one it seems to have been. One insinuation made use of against the Bank of Scotland was, that its management was ill affected to the government; to which our author gives a decided contradiction. We know not how far the contradiction was valid; but we have seen some evidences of Mr David Drummond, who was treasurer (that is, manager) for many years, having been what was commonly called a Jacobite. In Balthayock House, in Perthshire, there are preserved many curious papers of this gentleman, including a series of friendly letters to him from the exiled Earl of Perth, the most hated of the ex-ministers of the Stuarts in Scotland. There is also a subscription list for a fund to provide sustenance and legal counsel to the many Scottish gentlemen confined at Carlisle for their share in the insurrection of 1715. If we are to regard this, as seems not unreasonable, in the character of a muster-roll of those who were friendly to the cause of the Stuarts, it may well surprise us, from the number and

character of the subscribers, there being in it the names of nineteen Scottish nobles (Errol, Haddington, Roseberry, Morton, Hopetoun, Dundonald, Moray, Rutherglen, Cassillis, Elibank, Colville, Blantyre, Coupar, Traquair, March, Galloway, Kinnoul, Deskford, and Eglintoun), the Commissioners of Excise, the Merchant Company and three of the incorporated trades of Edinburgh, the magistrates of Haddington, the Society of Periwigmakers in Edinburgh, &c. Above all, the subscription was under the charge of Mr Drummond, treasurer of the Bank of Scotland! Whatever truth there might be in the charge of Jacobitism, as against the management of the Bank generally, certain it is that the gentlemen of the 'equivalent' gained their point, and were enabled in the same year to set a-going with their capital the 'Royal Bank of Scotland,' which has ever since maintained an honourable rivalry with its great original.

Since then, in the course of time, several other chartered banks have been started in Scotland, besides many private joint-stock concerns, most of which have been successful in their career. Amongst them all, the primitive concern of 1695—long affectionately distinguished as the *AULD BANK*—still rears its venerable head in the Old Town of Edinburgh, with a capital enlarged to a million, and thirty-one branches scattered throughout the provinces. Time may give a sentimental interest even to a bank. One cannot think quite unmoved of such an institution going on from the days when the soul of Scotland was still thrilling with the Solemn League and Covenant, all through the times of the romantic expeditions of the Highlanders for the House of Stuart, and down through the more wonderful events which marked the conclusion of the last and beginning of the present century, with a credit which has not once been interrupted for 133 years, and a regularity of routine which nothing during that time has broken, but the necessity of sending the cash for a short time to the castle in 1745, to be out of the way of Prince Charlie. Such things are not only curious historically; they raise our ideas of human probity, and seem to show that the affairs of mortals are not wholly of the inconstant and fitful character which commonplace remark assigns to them.

THE NUTHATCH.

'THIS the Richmond river!' I exclaimed; 'Oh, impossible!' It was narrow, deep, and clear, winding amid rich pasture-land, and with superb banks of wood beginning to rise on one side; while here and there the chalky cliffs, in fantastic and jagged forms, broke through the dense screen of the rich green amphitheatre. Then came a cottage by the side of the lock, tastefully ornamented, and with a profusion of roses twining around the pillars of the open veranda; while the flowers on the garden banks hung over, kissing the limpid waters. This was succeeded by a weir, and a picturesque mill, or a fishing summer-house perched on the opposite elevation. Then suddenly the road branched off, and we lost sight of this sweet scene, and in a few minutes more we were driving through the straggling village of C—. Here we saw thatched cottages with gable-ends, and vines trained up the fronts, half hiding the latticed windows; and our conveyance at length stopped at a very old and dilapidated-looking house of entertainment, certainly not reaching to the dignity of an inn: this was certainly 'the Nuthatch.' There could be no mistake, for the announcement was written up in plain terms. On alighting, we were ushered into a large uncarpeted room, hung round with pictures so faded and mouldy, that it was impossible at a first glance to discover the subjects they were intended to represent. The walls of this apartment were discoloured from damp; and though the oak table and quaintly-carved arm-chairs were scrupulously clean, as well as the shining floor, yet altogether it presented an untempting aspect. The sleeping apartments were the

same general appearance—the huge open chimneys, bare boards, and antique furniture: yet clean and comfortable beds, with drapery of snowy whiteness, determined us on staying for that night at least. The hostess, a mild, respectable-looking matron, in a widow's dress, did not appear solicitous for our stay; but she spoke kindly on seeing our pale and exhausted looks, and assured us of well-aired beds, &c.

After doing ample justice to sweet and wholesome country fare, we got up with renovated strength, and strolled forth to look around us. The twilight was fast fading, but the round yellow moon just began to show itself above the tree-tops. We sought the bridge which had lately been thrown across the river from the village, doing away with the ancient ferry-boat, now only used to carry the barge horses over to another point, which diverged from the same spot. The magnificent banks of wood arose opposite to where we stood; several 'back waters' here met the main stream, forming a miniature lake, on whose deep transparent bosom slumbered a fairylike island; while the soothing murmurs of an adjacent waterfall alone disturbed the repose of the scene. We turned to the other side of the bridge: the boat-house lay half-hidden in deep shadows, with the array of boats moored around; the ivied spire of the old gray church stood out in bold relief against the clear sky; and the churchyard, with its grassy hillocks, sloped to the water's edge. Then came rich pasture-fields, fenced in by gently-rising hills; and the river stretched away for miles in nearly a straight line, looking like a silver thread, and lost behind projecting dusky headlands.

It seemed impossible that we had left London only a few hours ago, and that *this* was the same identical river running on towards London Bridge, Woolwich, and so on to Gravesend—that emporium of dirt, mud, and shrimps!

A charming surprise awaited our return to the Nuthatch: in the parlour a blazing wood fire shed its cheerful influence around; a square of bright carpeting occupied a portion of the floor; while close by the hearth-side stood a capacious sofa, covered with clean dimity, and effectually secured from draughts by a folding screen. To complete the pleasant metamorphosis, a pretty tea equipage was in readiness, with beautiful bouquets of freshly-gathered garden flowers by its side. Nor must I omit to mention the many exquisitely-stuffed British birds which now filled every available shelf and side-table. The latter we found were the property of the only son of our hostess, who was a clever ornithologist, and had produced from his sanctum these specimens of skill (killed and stuffed by himself) to ornament the room. The sleeping apartment, by a little kind management, was rendered equally comfortable; and there I found a noble fire in the huge grate, and such a toilet-table and looking-glass!

But I will not betray the domestic secrets of the old Nuthatch. Many of the articles, my hostess informed me, had once graced Windsor Castle. Their high antiquity was indubitable, particularly as regarded the pictures and the sofa: one of the former being an admirable full-length of King Charles II.; and the latter, beneath its dimity covering, displaying the rarest green satin brocade—faded and tarnished, it is true—but the carved work, of peculiar delicacy and extraordinary devices, was in excellent preservation. Doubtless many a lovely form had rested on this sofa in days of yore—Nell Gwynn perhaps, or why not royalty itself?

Suffice it to say here that we sojourned for three weeks at the Nuthatch; and that for some years afterwards we regularly paid it an annual visit—a correspondence being kept up between my companion and the ornithologist respecting divers weighty sporting matters, not forgetting mutual kind wishes, remembrances, and 'respectful duties,' between the worthy hostess and myself.

A boat was hired by the week, which we usually took possession of directly after breakfast; carrying

with us books, sketching materials, and proper fishing apparatus: but for the first week we did little in that way. It was delightful enough to let the boat drift idly along, to hear the water gently rippling on her bows, and dreamingly to gaze on the home-views of English pastoral loveliness.

Sometimes we rested beneath the shade of spreading trees, plucking from the banks handfuls of wild flowers; and then, as it drew towards evening, the note of the tender cushat-dove sounded mournfully over the waters, and reminded us that it was time to row back to C—, 'our village,' from whence we could faintly hear, as we approached, the chimes of the clock in the ivied tower, warning the rovers that it was 'too late for dinner!'

At length one morning the ornithologist descanted on the wonderful feats which were in the course of daily performance by some of the anglers in the neighbourhood, and whose punts we had seen in requisition for some days past, moored across the stream in all the favourite 'pitches' of the vicinity; this being the local term for those spots most favourable for 'bottom fishing,' and to which the fish are attracted by constant baiting. I confess that fishing from a punt seemed to me an inglorious kind of amusement, after witnessing, as I had done, the elegant accomplishment of throwing a fly carried to perfection; and then to angle for simple little gudgeon, after capturing the lovely speckled trout, was such a falling off, that I felt careless about engaging in it.

However, a punt was engaged, with Elder the fisherman to accompany us. The day proved most propitious for our sport: the air was soft and balmy, with a gentle breeze just curling the surface of the water now and then—

'Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever'—

a sky not cloudless, but with sunshine not too often or too long obscured.

Lights and shadows fell in quick succession as we punted down the river through the lock, and fell across the stream opposite to 'the Springs.' The river here narrows and deepens for a long stretch; and the woods, rising on a high and almost precipitous bank directly from the water, cast their shadows entirely athwart the stream; while on the opposite side silver birches and drooping willows fringe emerald lawns nearly on a level with it. Adjoining 'the Springs,' a small trench garden occupies a flat piece of ground between the woods and the river; a tasteful fishing-house stands in the midst, and the variegated hues of clumps of brilliant flowers contrast enchantingly with the dark background; which from miniature rocks, amid which a tiny basin is hidden a few yards from the margin of the Thames, numberless rills of limpid water, designated as 'the Springs,' gush gently down their flowery channels, and mingle with the current flowing ever onwards towards the ocean. I landed as a trespasser to view the fairylike basin: it was so perfectly transparent and still, that I knelt down to convince myself there really was water by dipping my hand in. Only once before had I seen water so marvellously clear, or felt it so painfully cold, and that was in an old arched well called 'St Kenwyn's Well,' with a curious legend attached to it, in the far west of England. Here we moored the punt close to the bank, and partook of the viands we had provided, dipping our glasses into the lovely fountains, and quaffing draughts of nectar.

Previous to this, I alone had captured five dozen finny victims, much to the delight of old Elder, who prognosticated that I should prove a famous sporting character; but my fame once achieved, I left the remaining feats of the day to be performed by my companions, feeling no desire to pursue the sport, for it was absolute enjoyment to rest lazily in my easy-chair in that steady boat, and with a book (unread perhaps) to indulge in the dreamy reveries of past, present, and future, all tinged and coloured with the hues of the atmosphere around.

'Here,' said old Elder, 'in this here "stretch" the most wonderful barbel have lived for years. My father and grandfather knowed them well; but they are such cunning fellows, nobody can deceive them: there they be a-lolloping at bottom, and hardly moving as the punt shoves by 'em.'

But it required a more experienced eye than mine to discern these monsters of the deep, of whose age, instinct, and strength, wonderful tales were related by the fisherman. Near this spot grew the cinnamon flag, and within many miles only two roots of it were to be found. Elder presented me with a small piece, which he broke off in passing; and when bruised, it gave forth an odoriferous spicy scent: it is broader and thicker than the common river flag, and Elder assured me that it is an infallible specific for all kinds of rheumatic complaints. He knew the secret of its preparation, and his own faith in its efficacy was invulnerable, having repeatedly tested its powers.

We returned to the Nuthatch laden with spoil: the fish were carefully packed in nettles, and sent off express to London; those of my especial catching being placed alone, and marked as such. Partial friends afterwards assured me they were charmed fish, and far more delicious than white bait in the height of the season. I could only tell them they came from an enchanted spot, and that enhanced their flavour!

I was sometimes attended by a niece of our hostess, a young woman of about eighteen years of age; the touching, thoughtful melancholy of whose countenance greatly interested and excited my curiosity as to its cause.

I soon perceived that there existed between Mr Thomas and Cousin Kate a kindness somewhat more than mere cousinly friendship; but although nothing could be farther removed than caprice or flirtation on Kate's part, even of the most demure and Quaker-like kind, yet there was something quite mysterious and inexplicable in the little scenes I once or twice witnessed unseen; for when Thomas approached Kate, and offered her any pleasant affectionate attentions—practical cousinly gallantries of course—she repulsed him in so decided, yet in so sad and touching a way, that I became much interested in this rural courtship. Yet Kate lauded her good cousin to the skies when speaking of him to me; for I must confess to have introduced the subject, and with womanly tact 'drawn out' Kate, as the saying runs, and learned her secret too, which was no less than that she loved Thomas quite as well as Thomas loved her, but that she dared not think of marrying. Alas! 'the course of true love never did run smooth'; but this case seemed incomprehensible. Thomas was an only child; the inheritance of the Nuthatch was a goodly one; and our hostess was anxious to lose the title of 'aunt' in that of 'mother'; and, unlike most mothers-in-law, to act a real mother's tender part towards the fair orphan girl.

By degrees I found that Kate's mind was of a stamp very far superior to her station; that she had read a good deal, and thought more; and though this craving after knowledge had not tended to produce a healthful tone of mind, so far as I could judge, yet the morbid and despondent feelings which so evidently mastered her sweetest and purest affections must have resulted from some cause in which imagination had no share.

It so happened that on a hushed and balmy summer evening (my companion being absent on a sporting expedition) I much desired to explore a lonely wooded walk along the river banks, where I had not yet been; but afraid to venture forth alone in the deepening twilight, I requested Kate to accompany me, which she did with alacrity. But when the poor girl observed the way to which my footsteps were tending, she hung back, and faintly said, 'Oh, not that way, ma'am—any way but that. I have never passed the spot since—and at this hour too!' So saying, she burst into tears: we turned the contrary way; and I then listened to the following recital, intermingled,

indeed, with many sobs and tears, broken and disjointed, but still in substance the same. Three years had elapsed since a young widowed lady came to reside in the village of C—, unknown to any of the inhabitants, and bringing with her a little girl of six years of age. The stranger had evidently known far 'better days'—those touching words, how much they express! She occupied two rooms in the fisherman's pretty cottage, and apparently supported herself and her child by teaching the small farmers' daughters and others in the vicinity, who could not benefit by more regular schooling.

She was a mild, pious, though broken-down creature. Many storms, it might plainly be seen, had beat over her; but all the neighbours soon learned to respect and esteem the Widow Milner, while her little girl was the 'pride of the village,' and 'beautiful as Bessy Milner' became a byword. And in truth never did widowed mother's heart rest on a fairer rose-bud than this winning and gentle little Bessy—so good, docile, and affectionate. The Widow Milner soon received Kate as one of her most promising pupils, and a friendship sprang up between them, notwithstanding the difference in their ages; Bessy, too, loved Kate—the kind, blooming Kate—far better than any of her own childish companions: and together they rambled in the woods by the river side, culling wild flowers and dainty mosses. Kate was so studious, steady, and careful a girl, that Mrs Milner never scrupled to intrust the sole earthly treasure she possessed to her care; only cautioning them not to approach too near the treacherous stream in quest of lilies or forget-me-nots: and Bessy promised to obey Kate, and only gazed with longing eyes on the watery treasures, unless indeed they accidentally met Mr Thomas, when he would reach forth a helping hand, and pluck the coveted beauties from their pellucid beds. There was a shady nook formed by a deeply-indented miniature bay, where the water was very deep, still, and transparent; where wan lilies floated and rushes waved beneath the unseen current's undulations, surrounded here and there by patches of flag, while dense beds of forget-me-not, and many other wild flowers, covered the overhanging banks. To this spot Kate would often bring her books. It was only half a mile from the village, and Bessy usually accompanied her; diving into the surrounding woods and dells, the fairy queen of that sylvan scene, and returning home laden with woodland trophies. If she ventured too near the water side, it was ever, 'Come away, Bessy—come away: remember what your mother said!' and though Bessy loved to look on the sparkling stream, she would skip away from it nevertheless.

Late one summer afternoon they sought this favourite nook as usual; evening drew on unawares, for Kate had had a volume of poetry lent to her, with which she was entirely engrossed, and by degrees saw and noticed nothing around her. The dangerous and fascinating spell enthralled her, when she was startled from her dream by hearing a faint cry, which sounded not far off. She called on Bessy; but Bessy came not: she ran into the woods and called again; but no answer came—all was still: she rushed, not knowing what she did, along the river banks, still calling on Bessy; but the waters were sleeping, and there was not a ripple to disturb the gossamer leaves: in a terror and agony which no words can ever approach, Kate flew back to the village, inwardly hoping that the truant might have left her, childlike, and found the way to her mother. No one had seen her: she was not there. Poor Kate! poor mother!

Many of the inhabitants speedily returned with her to the quiet bay, scoured the woods, calling on Bessy: but strange to say, no one thought of exploring the water; that seemed impossible—there would be some vestige, some clue, to show if she had fallen in! Night closed around, dark and clouded, and scarcely one inhabitant of the village of C— sought repose: that the excellent clergyman and his daughter were with

the unhappy mother, all knew, and none others ventured to intrude on the fearful privacy of the scene. From the very first tidings of alarm the poor widow had been paralysed and helpless, but the silent agonies she endured that night added untold years to her appearance.

With the early morning light the remains of sweet little Bessy Milner were brought into the village: they were with some difficulty recovered from their watery bed, where the under-current had drawn them down, half-hidden and buried, amid the tangled weeds and rushes. That one faint cry, and all was over; how, or where it happened, who may tell? It was one of those sudden, mysterious, and unaccountable calamities which puzzle the wisest and most calculating heads.

The grassy mound was pointed out to me in C— churchyard which marks the spot where rest the remains of mother and child, for the widow did not survive her loss quite six months. All was now, indeed, explained. For many weeks poor Kate had hovered betwixt life and death; her self-reproaches were terrific and overwhelming; and when at length a naturally good constitution overcame the ravages of disease and sorrow, the settled melancholy of her aspect spoke the tale of past suffering and remorse. Could *she* listen to a love tale? Could *she* dare to become a happy wife? Would not just Heaven strike her dead if she dared to forget her crime of carelessness and neglect, whereby two human lives were sacrificed? So tender, too, as all the villagers were; the gentry so kind and encouraging; would this be so were she to bury her contrition beneath bridal raiment and a smiling countenance?

Though poor Kate thus argued, yet I had earnest hopes of 'better things' in store for her; when the balm should no longer be rejected which alone can heal a wound such as hers, and the mind so crushed and prostrated regain its healthful elasticity. This was effected in the course of time; and with real pleasure and gratitude we received an invitation from our humble friends to attend the rural festivities at C—, in honour of the nuptials of sweet Kate of the Nut-hatch and her cousin Mr Thomas the ornithologist.

THE ECONOMIC VIEW OF TEMPERANCE.

It is to be feared that the mere lecturing and abusing of those thoughtless and unhappy persons who pay too little regard to the rules of temperance, has not been attended with any remarkable degree of success. A melancholy waste of zeal, and an idle misdirection of indignation, have been displayed, and a maximum of wrath has been followed with a pitiable minimum of conversion. There is room for suspicion, indeed, that but little is to be done in this way for erring brother man. The denunciations hurled from tract, periodical, and platform against the poor frail lovers of a glass too much, might almost as hopefully have been launched at the mute and passive barrels, graybeards, and bottles which in vast array open their mouths and throats throughout this bibulous land for the reception of the varied preparations of malt, whether brown foaming ale or limpid gurgling alcohol. To make the drunkard—that sad object of pity—the despised and detested *but* of holy wrath and virtuous indignation, is hardly more reasonable than to exhaust ourselves in vituperative abuse of the indolence of the man unable to walk by reason of a broken limb. He in whose mind a sense of duty controls not the indulgence of base propensities, will rarely be either lectured, or scolded, or sneered into becoming behaviour. There are very many conclusive and unexceptionable reasons why rational beings should not darken their reason, and waste their means, and destroy their health, by the improper use of strong drink. But the problem is, how to bring such reasons to impinge with sufficient force on the understandings of certain classes of men, so as to lead them to the exercise of a wise self-denial. One fact is cheering, that the class which was drunken in our fathers' days

is now, generally speaking, sober. The wretched vice of habitual drunkenness is no longer respectable, and, let us hope, is gradually percolating down through society; so that the time may come when it will be little discernible even in the lowest stratifications of the social state.

There is one view of the matter which might probably make an impression on some of a naturally conscientious disposition of mind, and which has not certainly been hitherto very frequently pressed upon the notice of those whose interests are most deeply implicated. It is this; that frequent indulgence in wine or malt, and spirituous liquors, is a luxury which the man of limited income cannot afford, and is therefore one which he has no right to purchase. What title have I, with weekly wages of twelve or twenty shillings, to lay out a sixth or a tenth part of that sum to buy for myself one mere luxury? Some one with a yearly income of three or four hundred pounds has a passionate liking for fine horses, and would fain treat himself to a few handsome hunters, with their concomitant grooms. But what title has he to indulge in such a luxury? *He cannot afford it*; and no other reason is necessary to lead him to the exercise of self-denial. Another, perhaps a retired officer with a limited income and an unlimited family, has a perfect craze for growing the rarer sorts of exotics. Is he entitled to shut his eyes to an accumulating butcher's bill, and manifold frocks and jackets past and to come, and to 'pooh, pooh' at sternly-returning quarter-days, and coolly to set about building up acres of glass in his garden, for which he knows he cannot pay without injury to his family? Is he entitled thus to bring himself into difficulties for the sake of indulging even his innocent and commendable taste? No; *he cannot afford it*; and the eloquence of Demosthenes could not more effectually than this simple consideration constrain him to exercise self-denial. One instance more. Look at that pale-faced, somewhat attenuated, but thoughtful and benevolent-looking individual, who is *shyly* glancing over the magnificently tall copies of his devotedly-admired authors, which the rapid hammer of the auctioneer is consigning to fortunate and wealthy purchasers. Oh if some one, eccentric in their kindness, desired to awaken the purest gratitude of the human heart, twenty or thirty pounds were now well bestowed! But such romantic benevolence is never or rarely exercised. As it is, the book-worshipper cannot afford the price of his idols, and he sees the envied treasures transferred to the hands of others only with a sigh. Does he madly determine to gratify his taste, although his children should go without bread? No; self-denial checks the longing thought, and constrains his tongue to silence.

We desire, therefore, to know what title any working or other man has to indulge his selfish desire for a luxury which costs more money than he can spare? If a man has low tastes, and an empty and coarse mind, perhaps a few hours' riotous drinking with others of like nature may be deemed a very necessary and gratifying indulgence. It is far from being so: but though it were, the question remains, Has he any right to buy for himself such an indulgence? *He cannot afford it*; and that ought to settle the whole matter. Let him ridicule and defy the benevolent efforts of those who seek to win him to the ways of sobriety; let him despise all advocates of temperate habits as weak, though well-meaning visionaries and enthusiasts; let him claim to be the master of his own actions, and the judge of his own conduct; but if he continue to buy weekly a certain quantity of liquor, the price of which forms a large proportion of his wages, he is guilty of the meanness of buying a pure luxury which he cannot afford. Broiled salmon, a roast joint of lamb with asparagus, and a bottle of champagne, would be rather an absurd entertainment for the poor old man who, propped on his wooden-leg, and glaring awfully through his eye-protecting mask of black wire-gauze, breaks stones all day by the wayside at so much per square yard. But not

a bit more absurd would it be than the Saturday night's libation of thousands who selfishly and shamelessly buy a luxury which they cannot afford, and therefore in which they have no right to indulge. It is the virtuous self-denial which is exercised in a thousand ways by the respectable classes that mainly keeps the wheels of society, in their complicate infinitude, going sweetly. Suppose all were to rush to the purchase of their favourite luxuries, as the tippler remorselessly rushes to his oft-returning debauch, and how could society be saved from universal bankruptcy and ruin? Will the time ever come when the hard-working classes will seek their enjoyments and their comforts apart from the senseless noise and the wretched coarseness of the tavern, and when their conscientiousness will always be placed watchfully on the alert, and will always be rendered triumphant over inclination, by the simple reflection—I can't afford it?

HONOURS OF LITERATURE.

HUME, in his history of the reign of James I., justly observes that 'such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.' In France, the mere title of 'homme de lettres' is as indicative of a distinct and honourable profession as those of 'militaire,' 'juris-consulte,' or 'médecin;' and it forms, as they do, an unobjectionable passport with all the upper classes. Till lately, in England it was a common complaint that men of learning and artists, who had not parliamentary interest, or could not give a *quid pro quo*, were defrauded of their fair share of state honours. It is hoped, however, that a change is about to take place, if it is not now in the course of operation; and the less that is said upon the subject the better. Some have contended for titles for men of letters; but genius is itself a sufficient distinction for all who possess, and abuse it not. Raleigh, Sidney, Newton, and a thousand other names of nature's noblemen, are familiar in our mouths as 'household words;' and the 'Sirs' which were added to these words, so big with meaning, so fraught with high remembrances, are never thought of when we think of the men. 'Sir Charles' adds nothing to the lustre of Linneus; and who ever thought that the names of Shakespeare or Milton would receive additional dignity or value if 'Sir William' or 'Lord John' were prefixed to them?

We believe that at no time had good literature more solid consideration than at present; at no time were its representatives, according to their respective personal claims, more freely accepted on a footing of equality with the highest. 'But,' to use the words of a recent reviewer, 'to the honour of humanity be it said, conduct goes far in regulating the author's position in society; and there is little risk of a scampish Aretine meeting with toleration or fellowship. If, indeed, there still remains any cause for complaint respecting the position of literary men, it must be attributed to their desire for high associations being mixed with such parasitic toadyisms as are incompatible with self-respect. If literature be a distinction, if genius be nature's own aristocracy, and if philosophy be a benefactress to mankind, why should their representatives voluntarily take their place below the salt, and look up where they should look down?' To the same effect are the remarks of Mr Dunlop, who, in an address to the New York Academy, says, 'It is in vain to look for honour from others, if we do not honour ourselves. It is for authors and artists to teach mankind the true estimation in which they must be held. And first, they must esteem themselves so far as to avoid all that is low, all that is servile, all that is false. Can there be anything so contemptible as a sycophant who debases the talent he possesses? Sycophancy is incompatible with true genius. We often see it united to mediocrity in the arts.

If you see a man bowing to the rich or influential for patronage and good dinners, flattering power for recommendation and protection, becoming a thing of bows, smiles, and honied words, be assured that he lacks mind as much as he lacks self-respect. The bowing, smiling sycophant is as opposite to the polite man as possible; for politeness, the desire to exchange both civilities and services, belongs to the independent man of genius. Genius is modest, but never suffers itself to be trampled upon. It feels that it belongs to nature's aristocracy, and despises the aristocracy of mere wealth. The aristocracy of nature is composed of the nobles who are stamped such by their Maker, and are, in principle and practice, true democrats—lovers of their fellow-men, and supporters of the equal rights of all.'

Many very praiseworthy examples are on record of the reverence which even monarchs have shown towards genius. When Beethoven formed a part of the household of the Elector of Cologne, the prince, a true worshipper of talent, ordered that if both required attendance at the same time, the great composer should be waited on first. This precedence was no doubt gratifying to Beethoven, who says correctly enough, 'Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy councillors, and bedeck them with titles and orders; but they cannot make great men—spirits that rise above the world's rubbish: these they must not attempt to create; and therefore must these be held in honour. When two such come together as I and Goëthe, these great lords must note what it is that passes for greatness with such as we. Yesterday, as we were returning homewards, we met the whole imperial family: we saw them coming at some distance, whereupon Goëthe disengaged himself from my arm, in order that he might stand aside; in spite of all I could say, I could not bring him a step forwards. I pulled my hat more firmly on my head, buttoned up my top-coat, and walked, with my arms folded behind me, right through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and officials made a lane for me; Archduke Rudolph took off his hat; the empress saluted me the first: these great people know me! It was the greatest fun in the world to see the procession file past Goëthe, who stood aside, with his hat off, bending his head as low as possible. For this I afterwards called him over the coals properly and without mercy.'

A nobleman having called on Holbein while he was engaged in drawing a figure from life, was told that he could not see him, but must call another day. Foolishly taking this answer as an affront, he very rudely rushed up stairs to the painter's studio. Hearing a noise, Holbein opened his door, and feeling enraged at his lordship's assumption and intrusion, he pushed him backwards from the top of the stairs to the bottom. However, reflecting immediately on what he had done, he repaired to the king. The nobleman, who pretended to be very much hurt, was there soon after him, and having stated his complaint, would be satisfied with nothing less than the artist's life; upon which the king firmly replied, 'My lord, you have not now to do with Holbein, but with me; whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge against him, shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself. Remember, pray, my lord, that I can, whenever I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of even seven lords.'

Edgar Quinet, the young German poet, repaired one day to the Château des Tuileries to visit one of the queen's maids of honour, and was on this occasion more than usually melancholy. Suddenly, while he was conversing with her, a young person entered, so fair, so naturally elegant, that our poet would immediately have recognised her, had he not been so absorbed in his grief that he could see nothing. However, the new-comer took pity on his sufferings, and with much elegance and feeling began to talk to him of his new poem 'Prometheus,' telling him that it was an excellent work, perhaps the best he had ever written;

and she even knew by heart several of the rustic verses, extemporised as bards extemporised before the mead. Imagine the delight of the poet at hearing her thus speak! Seeing that it pleased him, she poured the healing balm, drop by drop, upon his wounded heart. She gradually and carefully proceeded from the poem in verse to the poem in prose: she passed from 'Prometheus' to the touching story of 'Ahasuerus,' that masterpiece of poetical legends. 'Follow me,' said she to Quinet, 'and you will see whether I love this poem.' The two ladies immediately arose and conducted him to a Gothic studio, filled with drawings and sketches. What was the joy of the poet when four admirable bas-reliefs, taken from his poem, were pointed out to him! Yes, his heroes themselves, in the very attitude, and exhibiting the very passions which his poetry had given them! It would be quite impossible to describe his feelings when the fair young artist said to him, in her sweet voice, 'This is your work, take it with you,' and when he read at the bottom of these exquisite bas-reliefs the royal name Marie d'Orléans. We have heard of a great prince who held the ladder for Albert Durer; of a powerful monarch who picked up the pencils of Titian; we know that the sister of a king of France kissed the lips of Alain Chartier while he slept; but this great surprise given to a poet—this unhopèd-for and consolatory gift—the infinite grace of the young girl, the princess, the great artist—cannot be too much admired.

The Duchess of Orleans having ordered a medal of her late husband to be cast, sent a letter to Jasmin, the barber poet, informing him that, as a mark of honour, he should receive the first that was struck, adding also the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. Pope Alexander VIII. was so much pleased with some of Jacob Balde's poetry, as to send him a gold medal—a very considerable mark of regard from one who was himself a good Latin poet.

M. d'Abbadie, writing of the Abyssinians, says that 'the Gojam scholars well remember the single verse spoken in Axum by a mendicant, and which so much delighted a native prince, that he stuffed the ragged poet's mouth with gold dust, and seated him on his throne.'

The best poet that Sweden ever produced was Esaias Tegner, bishop of Wexio. In his first poem, entitled 'Axel,' recounting the adventures of one of Charles XII.'s pages, who were sworn to remain single, he has created great interest by plunging his hero in love, and painting the conflict between his passion and his reverence for his oath of celibacy. A German literary gentleman was so delighted with the version of it in his own language, that he actually studied Swedish for the sole purpose of reading the original. A compliment like this has rarely been paid, as the poem does not contain more than about a thousand lines.

Reverence for genius is displayed not merely by the high and educated classes, but this feeling prevails amongst even the poor and untaught, and sometimes forms a redeeming virtue among the cruel and abandoned. The wife of a Silesian peasant being obliged to go on foot to Saxony, and hearing that she had travelled more than half the distance to Goethe's residence, whose works she had read with the liveliest interest, continued her journey to Weimar for the sake of seeing him. Goethe gave her his portrait, and declared that the true character of his works had never been better understood than by this poor woman. At the close of the coronation of George IV., Sir Walter Scott received a mark of homage to his genius which delighted him. Missing his carriage, he had to return home on foot from Westminster after the banquet—that is to say, between two and three o'clock in the morning—when he and a young friend found themselves locked in the crowd somewhere near Whitehall. A space for the dignitaries was kept clear at that point by the Scots Greys. Sir Walter addressed a sergeant of this celebrated regiment, begging to be allowed to pass by him into the

open space in the middle of the street. The man answered shortly that his orders were strict, that it could not be suffered. While he was endeavouring to persuade the sergeant to relent, some new wave of turbulence approached from behind, and his companion exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Take care, Sir Walter Scott; take care!' The stalwart dragoon, on hearing the name, said, 'What! Sir Walter Scott! He shall get through anyhow!' He then addressed the soldiers near him—'Make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!' The men answered, 'Sir Walter Scott! God bless him!' and in a moment he was within the guarded line of safety. Tasso, on one of his journeys between Rome and Naples, fell into the hands of banditti, who immediately proceeded to plunder him and his fellow-travellers. But no sooner did the captain of the band hear the poet's name, than, with tokens of admiration and respect, he set him at liberty; nor would he permit his gang to plunder Tasso's companions. A prince of royal birth confined the poet in a madhouse for more than seven years—the great and wealthy left him to a precarious life, which was often a life of absolute want—the servile writers of the day loaded him with abusive and most unjust criticism—but a mountain robber, by the roadside, protected him, and kissed the hand of the author of 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

THE HAPPY DREAM.

[The following lines were suggested by a jesting remark that the authoress's daughter would be *perfection*, like the old saying of 'bachelors' wives and maids' children:—]

I WANDERED in a happy dream,

Beside a river clear and wide;
With nature's ways alone no more—
A fair young girl was by my side.

The rapture of a mother's love
Thrilled o'er my heart with anxious pain;
Ah, would I had slept calmly on,
Nor known reality again!

In the first spring of womanhood
She glided forth, a light gazelle;
Aerial grace around her form,
Wreathing its soft enchanting spell.

High intellect impressed her brow;
While deep the thoughts of sacred love
Dwelt in her eyes of sleeping blue—
The tender, modest, shrinking dove!

Like to the women of olden time,
Of Judah's grand and stately race,
The purity of spotless truth
Beamed ever on her gracious face.

In chaste and classical attire,
Not for the empty world's display,
She moved like Grecian vestal, draped
For some rejoicing festal day.

And I had moulded every thought,
With careful tending, from her birth;
And knew 'twere vain to seek her life
Upon the vast and varied earth.

And with this dream a memory came—
A memory of sorrows past—
Shadows that clung around me still,
While scalding tears fell thick and fast.

And then she clasped me to her heart—
Her innocent and spotless heart—
Trying to win me from my grief
With playful wiles and guileless art.

She called me by the blessed name
('Twas *then* for me earth held none other);
Much marvelling that grief should touch
Her own beloved—her darling 'Mother.'

And so I rested in her arms,
Clinging to her sweet faithful love;
But trembling, for I knew her lent—
An angel from the Heaven above.

C. A. M. W.

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